


# THE LITTLE REVIEW

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MARY BUTTS

# THE LITTLE REVIEW

## *Ashe of Rings*

*by Mary Butts*

*Part I*

*Chapter I*

RINGS lay in a cup of turf. A thin spring sun painted its stones white. Two rollers of chalk down hung over it; midway between their crest and the sea the house crouched like a dragon on a saucer of jade.

In the walled garden behind the house the air was filtered from the sea wind and made a mixing bowl for scents, for bees, coloured insects, and noisy birds. An old gardener picking gooseberries straightened his back to spit. The great drive up which the countryside crawled like weakening flies swerved to the right where a stream ran into the sea. There the cliffs parted and the hurrying sea beat into a round cove full of rocks. The waves rang within earshot of the lodge. In storms they covered it with spray. There Rings ended and the world began.

The station fly ground round the corner by the shore. Anthony Ashe poked his head out of the window and smelt his strip of beach. Half way up the avenue he stopped the cab and got out.

"That will do, Mouseman, thank you. Good afternoon."

He passed under the trees whose long buds broke the light and



took a footpath across the park. He walked quickly.

*The house has a thousand eyes?* He turned his head to the sea under their scrutiny till a straggled wood of black pine hid him and the path turned red.

Anthony Ashe of Rings remembered that he should have insured the driver's silence—the words had not shaped. But there were no words, and tongue slithering out of fashion. A great lord of the world would admit that. The house would know already—a small child running up the drive with the news. It did not matter.

\* \* \* \*

"It is said of this place that in the time of Arthur, the legendary king of Britain, Morgan le Fay, an enchantress of that period had dealings of an inconceivable nature there. Also that it was used by druid priests, and even before then as a place for holy and magical rites and ceremonies. A battle of the Danes and Saxons was fought there. Today the country-people will not approach it at night, not the hardest shepherd. There is a tradition that in the barrow above the earthworks is placed a box of bright gold."

\* \* \* \*

The first Ring raised its thirty feet of turf. A ribbon of chalk path ran along its crest, a loop a mile round. Inside was a second wall and within that a third. On the plateau above them was a round barrow, irrelevantly placed, and a dewpond full of mud. Behind the pond and barrow there was a grove, ragged trees exceedingly tall, pines and beeches, knit at the feet with hazel and bramble and fern. On its skirt a pleasant wood, its centre a saggy tricket full of white marsh grass. Year in, year out, the wind rang in its crest with the noise of a harp.

From these rings and this grove depended the fantastic house, and the generations called Ashe which were born there and pattered through its hall and bright passages like leaves. The triple circle was the sole device on their shield, represented from the hatchment of their dead to the coral and bells each baby shook and chewed. An old drawing represented the Rings come down from their hill and sitting like an extinguisher upon the house. It had been calculated

that allowing for all projections the house would fit exactly into the roots of the wood.

"A British camp, but of pre-British—possibly neolithic—origin, used by the Romans, a refuge for Celt and then for the Saxon, a place of legend and consequent aversion to the countryside ever since, it is well that so interesting an historic site should have remained in the preservation of so ancient a family."

Anthony Ashe stamped his arms on the presentation copy of these sentiment and knew better. The Rings preserved *him*. His son Julian had died, and that night he had gone up to them a blind beast. After these years in the East, in Russia, he had come back, without mate, without heir, to present his accounts and their deficit.

He went through the gap in the first rampart, crossed the fosse, and mounted the white chalk steps over the second ring, and the third. The wind ran along them shivering, and a thistle tapped his boot. He climbed the barrow, sat on it, and looked back down the valley to his house.

The Rings kept the wide valley head. From them a road, green white and faint ran into a birchwood, and through the delicate trees to a door in the kitchen garden wall. Thus no one but shepherds came to the Rings except through Rings. At the valley head the road was lost in a powdering of flints.

Thick white smoke rose from two chimneys below. The fire was lit in the library and in his dressing-room. The news had come. He dragged at his short beard with his knees till his chin ached. There must be children. And for that some strong girl. His name would obtain one. What was left of his life could be given to her training. A lively sacrifice to this place. It did not matter whom. *I'd be daft to refuse him, the laird o' Cockpen.* An old tune. That's it. Soon to find. Easy to keep. But a stale business. There was revenge. What had been a duty would remain one. The carved bed frightened them? Chinese. The Imperial Court. A girl slung across the back of the chief Eunuch. Left to crawl up from the foot of the dragon-bed. Would Clavel like the job? . . . All the solemn county to placate. Cruets. . . .

Oh God! let me see it through. Rings, it's been a labour fol-



lowing through the centuries your eternal caprice. It comes again. I don't doubt that it will come again. . . . I do not know what it is. . . . To every Ashe in turn it happens. . . . You . . . *sing, and singing in your glory move.* . . . 'Julian—my son Julian?'

A specialist's undertaking. The things that one foregoes. The feather in Rings cap. You could cover a broader skull. My old head aches with you.

He wrote with his stick upon a patch of chalk. Anthony Ashe —1892—Iste perfectit opus.

"I must go down and see about that child." He stood up resetting his gray top hat. A breath fluttered through the tree tops and ran through the grey hair fringes on the back of his skull. He shook his head.

"Caprice—Caprice—stop tickling my neck. I tell you one thing. Not one of the bitches who want it shall have it. Their virginities can wither on them. Once I'm dead they can go for her. I'm an old man. The strain needs crossing. That's it. Dance round. Tickle my chin. So Julian wasn't your fancy. . . . If I stopped calling you pretty women Lesbian dryads—I couldn't stand it. Is that why he died. Did he see in you what I dare not see? So that he died. . . . *Good night, sweet prince.* You were a young dog to turn up your nose at the pretty ladies of Rings H.II.

"I suppose I had better go in?" He ran down the side of the barrow and walked into the wood. A light shell of turf, and springing needles. Then mud curled over the toes of his boots. A springing bramble reversed its hooks across his nose. The blood dripped quickly through the thin skin. He controlled his fury. Another curled across his waistcoat. He loosed each hook in turn. High up the wind sang with seraphic lightness, a transparent feather flattened into the crown of the gray top hat. With lovely lightness the wind fell, the last sigh ran down the shafts and scattered in minute touches. . . . He thrust on slowly into the clearing where there was a large stone.

Light women. Light women. Rings whores. *On this rock I have built my church.* He stood five minutes with greedy eyes. Then



he struck through and hurried from the wood, over the rampart and down the rabbit-darting hill.

## *Chapter II*

The library had thirty-two lancet windows to enclose a quartering of Ashe. At the east end in the wall's angle seven stairs led up to a round room, the floor of a tower called Rings Root. Anthony Ashe ran up. He peered at the dim carved panels like a man inside a barrel. The sun lay in ochre strips on the floor's deep brown glass. Across each window the sea sparkled, but no breeze followed through the great depth of stone. A fire of fir-cones charred to a chalk-red ash. A chair was placed at the third window, its arms finished with dolphin's heads. He stretched and straddled in his quintessence of privacy, a handsome daimon inside a Chinese ball. The room was in the heart of Rings. There Ursula Ashe had declared herself a witch. Then there appeared at uncertain times a sphere of pure light. On the wall hung a lead hourglass filled with scarlet sand. He reversed it and sat down at the open cabinet. He drew a trail of little beasts, cats, cows, occasionally birds, but the head of each was that of a maiden of the place.

"The Landlady's girl at the Crow. God of Rings, we might do worse. She'd fill the gilt cradle, and the oak cradle, and the ivory box that held the Italian brat." He looked up at the red trickle.

"Do it by the alphabet. A for Anne—Anne Avebury. Apple cheeks. She's a sweet maid. I like her too well. Let her keep her innocence. B. D. Damnation. Deisdie—Doris Benison of Phares. No.

"H—there's Hilaria Lynde—name's the best part of her. I. J—Jocelyn—bad little bitch that. K. L. N. M. Marion Mangester. God forbid—Muriel Butler. What made me think? They live at Gulltown. Blind father, black satin mother. Sprigged muslin girls—two. What's a name. She's neutral. She'd do. Body like a tree—head like a daffodil—the name—obscene word—Mavis, May, Millicent. Oh, Christ. Melitta, that's better. Melitta Ashe." The sands ran out.

"A frill of saffron muslin, goffered small. Nancy would do it.

You ask her, Ver?"

"Did he pay you much attention?"

"They say he's engaged to Norah Clancy, but it's a secret—"

"Then don't mention it."

"Poor young man. I pity him if it's true."

"He is old enough to know his own mind. I believe it's a case.

Haven't you finished. Mother wants us to go shopping—"

"If I meet the Morton boy I shall ask him."

"Muriel, that would be abominably inquisitive."

✧ "Ver, Ver, what else is there to do? What else is there to do?"

\* \* \*

"Look here, young lady, do you want to become Mrs. Ashe or don't you."

"You know—Anthony, you know—"

"Then you will not be called Muriel. When you understand things rather more, you will know why. You shall be called Melitta, see?"

"Very well. Then I shall call you Tony. *Droit du seigneur*."

"As you like, puss. Now you had better find out what Melitta means?"

\* \* \*

Gulltown hung on a cliff—white house hung with flowers on a white cliff. A breeding place for fishermen and shepherds form the downs, there was also a snail's nest of little gentry hanging on one another. An incredible honour had fallen on Muriel, elder of the sisters. The greatest of the country lords had ridden to her house, and in nine words to her father had bespoken her.

"Tell her that I will come for her answer to-morrow. Give her these roses. Tell her I will wait a week longer if she wishes."

She had not seen the scarlet sands run out, nor a piece of paper covered with sketches that half burnt had lit his cigar. M—stood for mandrill and B—for bitch.

A ripe virgin, she wept into her Tennyson and combed her rich hair.

"Ver, how can I? Ver, what shall I do?"

"Ask yourself Muriel. You like him, you esteem him. Do



you love him?"

"I cannot believe it's true."

"Marriage is holy. Don't forget. It cannot be undone."

"Mistress of Rings."

"The wife of Mr. Ashe. Who could have believed that when poor Julian dragged him over for tennis it would ever come to this? He was very kind to me."

"So he was to us all." A look. What of it? I have done this.

"How shall I manage that marvellous house."

"You mean to accept him?"

"Accept him. Oh yes, yes, yes. Refuse Rings?"

"My dear Muriel—remember—you are not marrying his estate, you are marrying Mr. Ashe."

"Who marries Ashe marries Rings. You silly woman. Don't you know that?"

Her eyes crawled over her sister, scissor-point to scare the virgin, mark her plain as the adulteress. Vera looked steadily over her sister's shoulder.

"Have you thought. There may be babies—that would make up—"

"Children—I hope not—I mean—I don't quite know. It's a nasty subject. Oh I wish Mr. Ashe had never called."

"Darling sister, forgive me. Tell me. Was there ever any feeling between you and poor Julian?"

Wire between brain and brain. Thought running like a mouse.

"Never. Never. Never. Who has been saying so abominable a thing?—It is is a lie—I am marrying his father. That will show them—"

"Dear, you mustn't. And as to your marrying Mr. Ashe because you imagine that people—"

"What do you mean by it then?"

"I only thought."

Wind bitten flowers nodding behind the daffodil's head. But she was going to marry the father. Her sewing fell off her lap. She kicked it. Never sew again.

"I don't mean to be cross. People are cruel. But I know

you'll believe me."

"We'll never speak of it again."

"We won't because there is nothing to speak of. Can't I rely on my own sister to believe that?"

### *Chapter III*

In the well of the library, her eyes satiated with the coat armour she could not read, Melitta Ashe summoned her courage. It did not come as an elemental to the word of power, as angel, socratic daimon, a noble beast. She urged, she whimpered. Her bully commands and resentful sensual girl. Una mounted her lion. Anthony Ashe came down the seven stairs.

"I would not strike a woman with a flower, but what am I to do to you if you poke your brassy head into my room?"

"How am I to know if the servants do their work?"

"There is no need. They know their work. Part of which is to tidy the room and leave me alone."

"Where is the crystal ball you promised to show me?"

"Ursula's. I have it. Do you want to understand jewels?"

"I thought that one saw pictures—and the future—and things."

"Go to any Bond Street hag for that."

"Tell me about your great-great-grandmother."—

"Ursula Ashe?" He led her to a seat and placed a footstool. A snake was carved on it, and reared in loops about a bee-skep. Her feet shifted in their lace stockings.

"You spoke of Ursula—she was earlier. It was she who brought into prominence the practice of magic to which our family has always been liable."

To Melitta the slow pencils the sun laid across the floor moved on.

"She travelled to Italy. She lived here as a girl. She came back, you can imagine the contacts. Up there a keep her book. Every Ashe in his turn lives to read it. None of us have done so entirely. I no more than the rest. I sometimes dream about it. If you live here long, you will dream."



"Is it in cipher?"

"In part."

"Does it make nonsense?"

"No. Part is in reference to an occult book, the Enchiridion of a Pope. To us conventional hocus pocus. Then a diary full of morbid and profound psychology. Then a section in cipher which, so far, no one has read."

"What was she like?"

"Her son destroyed her portrait. He was on Cromwell's side. He saw chalked on his bedroom door a curse *because of the whoredoms of thy mother Jezabel and her witchcrafts*. He cut off his hair, turned the gilt chapel her Italians had built her to celebrate the black mass into a still room, and celebrated the beheading of Charles instead. Plus ça change."

"Oh how dreadful."

"But romantic, girl, romantic. I should have thought romantic enough even for you."

"But to behead King Charles, it was a crime. *He nothing common did or mean*. I've loved that verse. And you speak as though it were any common execution."

"My dear silly girl."

Over the house through the sparkling air dropped a bronze note as a man might fall bound, upright down a well. Within the house followed a burr, a tinkle, a humming, breaking with cross beats into the same cadence.

She sat still.

"Can you feel," said Anthony Ashe, "now time is made sound and we listen to it, and are outside it. Have you thought what it is to be outside time. Turn again, little Melitta."

He took her on his knee.

"Melitta, Paphian,

Immortal Courtesan,

Virgin Mother—I'm sorry, but there are times when every Ashe is obliged to make a verse."

But it sounds—it sounds."

"Like the Ephesian Artemis. She of the Hundred Breasts."

"But Anthony, it is coarse, and disrespectful to me as your wife."  
His fine hand smoothed away his sneer.

"Try to understand." Silence. "Do you not understand the link between yourself and a great love goddess—the type of all things which a woman is or may become?"

She wriggled and sprang down from his knee.

"I've been trying to tell you all the morning. And you make it harder with every dreadful thing you say. I am going to have a child. I know I am going to have a child.

"And there is something vile about this house. I don't know what the things are in it. I feel its memories watching me.

"It is much too beautiful. Only wicked people would have cared about them so much.

"I don't know how you can sit there. Don't you care for what is going to happen to me?"

"What, my dear little fool, do you suppose I married you for?"

She ran out wailing.

"Take it quietly, it's all in nature. My God, does she want every servant in the place to know her condition?"

She was gone and into the room rolled the sun. A crowned globe, a poppy head burst, scattered, it enriched the gilt and the glass and the waxed floor the colour of old beer. Out side the birds struck up and the bees thundered. The letters on the books sparked, his cigarette lit at a puff. He was comforted. If he had laughed her out it was to give the room its turn. Why didn't she meet its challenge? It could be hers. He remembered. What? had he not got him a mate? Rings saw nothing but the soul. This pink and white shepherdess not three months married raised her moralities. . . .

There had been the station cabman on the drive. Situations which cannot be met. Dealings with one's inferiors. "*Lord I thank thee that I am not—*"

And to his estate aloud—"O thou delight of the world, may my child be equally delightful to thee." He surrendered himself. The long glittering room blessed him. He climbed that dais which enclosed the north side and half the west wall and went out to look for Melitta.



On the valley path she struggled with the sun. The sphere which had broken—bubbled in the house—shot out and beat her with golden rods. The turf closed round empty shells. The path was sharp with flints, the heat like an army with banners. Get up. High, ever so high. Up there over the earth-works there will be a cradle, long grass and clean and light.. Only sun and butterflies, and over the rampart a peep into a world like tea-things set out on a lawn. all the way over to Gulltown she was a great lady now. She despised Gulltown. She was ashamed to remember Gulltown. Her obscure initiation was concluded. By a process equally misunderstood she was to produce a child. A long way to the top of the hill. Of course. That was why the place was called Rings. Mrs. Ashe of Rings. They belonged to her. One might put a summerhouse there, and have the stones picked out of the path.

People were coming to lunch. Just time to let the wind blow through her hair. Wear a string of yellow topaz. Not round her neck. Slung across. On a white gown. Pretend to be ill. No good. She would make excuses and cry. *He* would never do anything he did not want to. Horrid, horrid insolent old man. How did he have his merry son? Wicked thought. We're married. We're married. 'Till death do us part. It will part us. Not for years and years. It was a long way to the breeze. Anthony Ashe found her quiet on the grass.

"The sun was making a burning glass of your hair."

"Was it."

"Aren't you coming back to lunch?"

"I suppose so."

"Who would like to go to the South of France this winter?"

"Monte Carlo?"

"If you insist?"

"Ought I to—when—Anthony, don't laugh at me like that."

"Don't cry at me like that then with greed in your eyes—  
Coming?—Don's forget the topazes on your dress?"

"No."

"On white mind. . . ."

Later in the day. "What made you run up there?"

"Do you know that if it were not for that place there would be no Rings. And no Ashe of Rings."

"I don't understand."

"That you are my wife—and your life is bound up with the life on that hill. Your child's life will be bound up with a life outside your own. Like the mother of Meleager."

"It sounds heathen. I don't understand."

"You must become a brave woman. You must learn. You must be a brave woman. Before we go abroad I will take you up there."

"Oh Anthony—"

"Ursula Ashe would be carried up there to be delivered of her children—"

"Because your people were as hard as bark and as wicked as the globe. Why do you expect me—"

"That's better. That's my brave girl."

"I don't know. They seemed so high, up and away from the pettiness of the world."

*(To be continued)*

# *Corps et Biens*

*by Louis Aragon*

## *I*

### *Corps perdu*

**A** QUOI passez-vous votre temps  
Les jongleurs après chaque tour essuient leurs mains dans la  
neige  
Et moi la tête vide  
je vais dormir au sein d'autres blancheurs ou règne avec le grand  
balancement des chiens de mer  
cette nacre dont les regards font mourir  
A quoi bon tourner dans le monde Ecureuil du petit matin.  
On ne peut pas sortir de l'horizon cercle des bras prison nouée  
Encore une fois le rire atroce et la chevelure tout à coup dressée  
Mes doigts mes doigts Comme il est tard  
Tout sombre  
La nuit n'est pourtant pas si noire  
On a beau pousser le mur de la main l'air ne vient pas  
J'ai soif  
Personne  
C'est l'amour

## *II*

### *Aline*

**V**IENS.  
Viens.  
Tu chantes? Ou ton regard est-il parti?  
Allons.  
Ce n'est pas le moment de chanter.



*III**Oreille*

“**E**COUTE  
Ce soir les mots viennent de loin.  
D'un pays de terrasses.

—Te tairas-tu?

—Nos fronts sur le linge comme des soleils couchants tombent avec  
le cadavre des caresses.

—Tu me tues.

—Ta bouche me suit : suis-je donc un charmeur de serpents? Dans  
ta prunelle il n'y a rien.

Rien si ce n'est la fin de tout.

—Le son de ta voix m'énerve.”

*IV**Entr'acte*

**L**EVE-TOI, marche.  
Voyons, il ne s'agit pas d'un voyage. Promène-toi comme une  
personne à travers la chambre.

Va.

Bien. Reviens maintenant.

*V**Ciel de lit*

**L**E poète chante.  
“Comme il fait chaud ce soir!”  
Tout-à-coup un air passe par la tête.

“Ecoute l'oiseau de ma poitrine.

—Mes paupières sont des pierres à moulin, mon amour :

Tout meurt excepté ce grand regard que tu poses sur mon épaule  
comme une aile de navire.

C'est triste à dire.

—Comment?

—Penser donne le vertige.”

*VI*  
*Mer d'Huile*

**S**INOUS ne parlons pas, c'est que nous n'avons rien à dire.  
Nous sommes longs. Le feu s'éteint.  
L'homme et la femme côte à côte ont perdu la notion du temps.  
Quelle heure est il?  
J'ai oublié ma montre.

*VII*  
*Point mort*

**L**OURD.  
Il fait lourd.  
Ecarte un peu le temps qui il fait, tes cheveux lourds  
sur ma figure.  
Bonne nuit.

*VIII*  
*Sommeil de plomb*

**C**ELA dure.  
Il n'y aura pas de lendemain.  
La main que je tiens en rêve ne me mènera nulle part.  
Il ou elle dort.  
L'armoire à glace veille encore.

# *The Man in the Brown Coat*

*by Sherwood Anderson*

NAPOLÉON went down into a battle riding on a horse.

Alexander went down into a battle riding on a horse.

General Grant got off his horse and walked in a wood.

General Hindenburg stood on a hill. The moon came up out of a clump of bushes.

I am writing a history of the things men do. I have written three such histories, and I am but a young man. Already I have written three hundred, four hundred thousand words.

My wife is somewhere in this house where for hours I have been sitting and writing. She is a tall woman with black hair turning a little grey. Listen, she is going softly up a flight of stairs. All day she goes softly, doing the housework in our house.

I came to this town from another town in the state of Iowa. My father was a mender of shoes. I worked my way through college and became a historian. We own this house in which I sit. This is my room in which I work. Already I have written three histories of peoples. I have told how states were formed and battles fought. You may see my books standing straight up on the shelves of libraries. They stand up like sentries.

I am tall like my wife but my shoulders are stooped. Although I write boldly I am a shy man. I like being in this room alone with the door locked. There are many books here. Nations march back and forth in the books. It is quiet here but in the books a great thundering goes on.



Napoleon rides down a hill and into a battle.

General Grant walks in a wood.

Alexander rides down a hill and into a battle.

My wife has a serious, almost stern look. In the afternoon she leaves our house and goes for a walk. Sometimes she goes to stores, sometimes to visit a neighbour. There is a yellow house opposite our house. My wife goes out a side door and passes along our street between our house and the yellow house.

The window before my desk makes a little framed place like a picture. The yellow house across the street makes a solid background of yellow.

The side door of our house bangs. There is a moment of waiting. My wife's face floats across the yellow background of the picture.

General Pershing rode down a hill and into a battle.

Alexander rode down a hill and into a battle.

Little things are growing big in my mind. The window before my desk makes a little framed place like a picture. Every day I wait staring. I wait with an odd sensation of something impending. My hand trembles. The face that floats through the picture does something I don't understand. The face floats, then it stops. It goes from the right hand side to the left hand side, then it stops.

The face comes into my mind and goes out. The face floats in my mind. The pen falls from my fingers. The house is silent. The eyes of the floating face are turned away from me.

My wife is a girl who came here to this town from a town in Ohio. We employ a servant but often my wife sweeps the floors and sometimes she makes the bed in which we sleep together. We sit together in the evening but I do not know her. I cannot shake myself out of myself. I wear a brown coat and I cannot come out of my coat. I

cannot come out of myself. My wife is very silent and speaks softly but she cannot come out of herself.

My wife has gone out of the house. She does not know that I know every little thought of her life. I know about her and what she thought when she was a child and walked in the street of an Ohio town. I have heard the voices of her mind. I have heard the little voices. I heard the voices crying that night long ago when she was suddenly overtaken with passion and came running to crawl into my arms where she lay trembling. I heard the voices of her mind talking as we sat together on the first evening after we were married and had moved into this house.

It would be strange if I could sit here, as I am doing now, while my own face floated across the picture made by the yellow house and the window. It would be strange and beautiful if I could meet my wife, come into her presence.

The woman whose face has just floated across my picture knows nothing of me. I know nothing of her. She has gone off along the street. The voices of her mind are talking. I am here in this room as alone as ever any man God made.

It would be strange and beautiful if I could float my face across a picture, if my floating face could come into her presence, if it could come into the presence of any man or any woman. That would be a strange and beautiful thing to have happen.

Napoleon went down into a battle riding on a horse.

General Grant went into a wood.

Alexander went down into a battle riding on a horse.

Some day I shall make a testament unto myself.

I'll tell you what—sometimes the whole face of this world floats in a human face in my mind. The unconscious face of the world stops and stands still before me.

Why do I not say a word out of myself to the others? Why, in all our life together, have I never been able to break through the wall to my wife? Already I have written three hundred, four hundred thousand words. Are there no words for life? Some day I shall make a testament unto myself.

## *Indisposition*

*by Mark Turbyfill*

**T**HE crested tulips  
By the white pebble path  
Array themselves as chattering birds of paradise.  
Their flame streaks on iridescent surfaces  
Shock the great space of waiting in these thin days.  
A derisive little wind  
Executes *pas de chat* across the shaking buds,  
And my eyes play tricks on my ears,  
And I hear  
The piercing, deafening, flaunting, condemnation  
Of vivid angry birds.



# “*Ulysses*” in Court

by Margaret Anderson

THE trial of the *Little Review* for printing a masterpiece is now over—lost, of course, but if any one thought there was a chance of our winning . . . in the United States of America. . . .

It is the only farce I ever participated in with any pleasure. I am not convivial, and I am usually bored or outraged by the state of farce to which unfarcical matters must descend. This time I had resolved to watch the proceedings with the charming idea of extracting some interest out of the fact that things proceed as one knows they will proceed. There is no possible interest in this fact, but perhaps one can be enlivened by speculating as to whether they will swerve the fraction of an inch from their predestined stupidity.

No, this cannot engage my interest: I have already lived through the stupidity. So how shall I face an hour in a court room, before three judges who do not know the difference between James Joyce and obscene postal cards, without having hysterics, or without trying to convince them that the words “literature” and “obscenity” can not be used in conjunction any more than the words “science” and “immorality” can. With what shall I fill my mind during this hour of redundant human drama? Ah—I shall make an effort to keep entirely silent, and since I have never under attack achieved this simple feat, perhaps my mind can become intrigued with the accomplishment of it.

It is a good idea. There are certain civilized people who proceed entirely upon the principle that to protect one’s self from attack is the only course of action open to a decent and developed human being. My brain accepts this philosophy, but I never act upon it—any more than Ezra Pound does. I am one of those who feels some obscure need to have all people think with some intelligence upon some subjects. . . .

But I am determined, during this unnecessary hour in court, to

adopt the philosophy of self-preservation. I will protect my sensibilities and my brain cells by being unhearing and untalkative.

The court opens. Every one stands up as the three judges enter. Why must I stand up as a tribute to three men who wouldn't understand my simplest remark? (But this is reasoning, and I am determined to be vacuous.)

Our attorney, Mr. John Quinn, begins pertinently by telling who James Joyce is, what books he has written, and what are his distinguished claims as a man of letters. The three judges quite courteously but with a bewildered impatience inform him that they can't see what bearing those facts have on the subject—they "don't care who James Joyce is or whether he has written the finest books in the world"; their only function is to decide whether certain passages of "Ulysses" (incidentally the only passages they can understand) violate the statute.—(Is this a commentary on "Ulysses" or on the minds of the judges?) But I must not dream of asking such a question. My function is silence. Still, there is that rather fundamental matter of *who is the author?* Since *Art is the person*—! But this is a simplicity of logic—they would think I had gone mad.

Mr. Quinn calls literary "experts" to the stand to testify that "Ulysses" in their opinion would not corrupt our readers. The opinions of experts is regarded as quite unnecessary, since they know only about literature but not about law: "Ulysses" has suddenly become a matter of law rather than of literature—I grow confused again; but I am informed that the judges are being especially tolerant to admit witnesses at all—that such is not the custom in the special sessions court. . . .

Mr. John Cowper Powys testifies that "Ulysses" is too obscure and philosophical a work to be in any sense corrupting. (I wonder, as Mr. Powys takes the stand, whether his look and talk convey to the court that his mind is in the habit of functioning in regions where theirs could not penetrate: and I imagine the judges saying: "This man obviously knows much more about the matter than we do—the case is dismissed." Of course I have no historical basis for expecting such a thing. I believe it has never happened. . . .

Mr. Philip Moeller is the next witness to testify for the *Little*

*Review*, and in attempting to answer the judges' questions with intelligence he asks if he may use technical terminology. Permission being given he explains quite simply that the objectionable chapter is an unveiling of the subconscious mind, in the Freudian manner, and that he saw no possibility of these revelations being aphrodisiac in their influence. The court gasps, and one of the judges calls out, "Here, here, you might as well talk Russian. Speak plain English if you want us to understand what you're saying." Then they ask Mr. Moeller what he thinks would be the effect of the objectionable chapter on the mind of the average reader. Mr. Moeller answers: "I think it would mystify him." "Yes, but what would be the effect?" (I seem to be drifting into unconsciousness) *Question*—What is the effect of that which mystifies? *Answer*—Mystification. But no one looks either dazed or humourous, so I decide that they regard the proceedings as perfectly sensible.)

Other witnesses (among them the publishers of the *Dial*, who valiantly appeared at both hearings) are waived on the consideration of their testimony being the same as already given. Mr. Quinn then talks for thirty minutes on the merits of James Joyce's work in terms the court can understand: "Might be called futurist literature"; "neither written for nor read by school girls"; "disgusting in portions, perhaps, but no more so than Swift, Rabelais, Shakespeare, the Bible"; "inciting to anger or repulsion but not to lascivious acts"; and as a final bit of suave psychology (nauseating and diabolical), aimed at that dim stirring of human intelligence which for an instant lights up the features of the three judges—"I myself do not understand 'Ulysses'—I think Joyce has carried his method too far in this experiment" . . .

"Yes," groans the most bewildered of the three, "it sounds to me like the ravings of a disordered mind—I can't see why any one would want to publish it."

("Let me tell you why"—I almost leap from my chair. "Since I am the publisher it may be apropos for me to tell you why I have wanted to publish it more than anything else that has ever been offered to me. Let me tell you *why* I regard it as the prose masterpiece of my generation. Let me tell you what it's about and why it was



written and for whom it was written and why you don't understand it and why it is just as well that you don't and why you have no right to pit the dulness of your brains against the fineness of mine" . . .)

(I suddenly feel as though I had been run over by a subway train. My distinguished co-publisher is pounding me violently in the ribs: "Don't try to talk; don't put yourself into their hands"—with that look of being untouched by the surrounding stupidities which sends me into paroxysms. I smile vacuously at the court.)

Mr. Quinn establishes, apparently to the entire satisfaction of the judges, that the offending passages of "Ulysses" will revolt but not contaminate. But their sanction of this point seems to leave them vaguely unsatisfied and they state, with a hesitation that is rather charming, that they feel impelled to impose the minimum fine of \$100 and thus to encourage the Society for the Prevention of Vice.

This decision establishes us as criminals and we are led to an adjoining building where another bewildered official takes our fingerprints! ! ! \*

Owing to editorial mediation as to what passages must be deleted from the next instalment of "Ulysses" Episode XIV will not be continued until next month.

M. C. A.

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\*In this welter of crime and lechery, both Mr. Sumner and the judges deserve our thanks for one thing: our appearance seemed to leave them without any doubts as to our personal purity. Some of my "friends" have considered me both insane and obscene, I believe, for publishing Mr. Joyce.

# *Poems*

*by Philippe Soupault*

## *Flamme*

UNE enveloppe déchirée agrandit ma chambre.  
Je bouscule mes souvenirs  
On part.  
J'avais oublié ma valise.

## *Dimanche*

L'AIRON tisse les fils télégraphiques  
et la source chante la même chanson  
Au rendezvous des cochers l'apéritif est orangé  
mais les mécaniciens, des locomotives ont les yeux blancs  
la dame a perdu son sourire dans les bois.

## *Horizon*

TOUTE la ville est entrée dans ma chambre  
les arbres disparaissaient  
et le soir s'attache à mes doigts  
Les maisons deviennent des transatlantiques  
le bruit de la mer est monté jusqu'à moi  
nous arriverons dans deux jours au Congo  
j'ai franchi l'Équateur et le Tripique du Capricorne  
je sais qu'il y a des cottines innombrables  
Notre Dame cache le Gaurizanker et les aurores boréales  
la nuit tombe goutte à goutte  
j'attends les heures  
Donnez moi cette citromade et la dernière cigarette  
je reo rendrai à Paris.

## *Route*

J'aperçus le souvenir de ta voix se pencher  
Mon corps berçait mes pensées  
les fils telegraphiques s'enfuyaient  
Le heurt d'un caillon sonna midi.

## *Katrina Silverstaff*

*by Djuna Barnes*

“WE have eaten a great deal, my friend, against the day of God.”

She was a fine woman, hard, magnificent, cold, Russian, married to a Jew, a doctor on the East Side.

You know that kind of woman, pale, large, with a heavy oval face.

A woman of ‘material’—a lasting personality, in other words, a ‘fashionable’ woman, a woman who, had she lived to the age of forty odd, would have sat for long fine hours by some window, overlooking some desolate park, thinking of a beautiful but lazy means to an end.

She always wore large and stylish hats, and beneath them her mouth took on a look of pain at once proud, aristocratic and lonely.

She had studied medicine—but medicine in the interest of animals, she was a good horse doctor—an excellent surgeon on the major injuries to birds and dogs.

In fact she and her husband had met in a medical college in Russia—she had been the only woman in the class, the only one of the lot of them who smiled in a strange, hurt and sarcastic way when dissecting.

The men in the class treated her like one of them, that is, they had no cringing mannerliness about their approach, they lost no poise before her, and tried no tricks as one might say.

The Silverstaffs had come to America, they had settled on the East Side, among 'their own people' as he would say; she never said anything when he talked like this, she sat passive, her hands in her lap, but her nostrils quivered, and somewhere under the skin of her cheek something trembled.

Her husband was the typical Jewish intellectual, a man with stiff short graying hair, prominent intelligent and kindly eyes, rather short, rather round, always smelling of Greek salad and carbolic acid, and always intensely interested in new medical journals, theories, discoveries.

He was a little dusty, a little careless, a little timid, but always gentle.

They had been in America scarcely an eight months before the first child was born, a girl, and then following on her heels a boy, and then no more children.

Katrina Silverstaff stopped having her children as abruptly as she had begun having them; something complicated had entered her mind, and where there are definite complications of the kind that she suffered, there are no more children.

"We have eaten a great deal, my friend, against the day of God," she had said that.

She had said that one night, sitting in the dusk of their office. There was something inexpressibly funny in their sitting together in this office, with its globe of the world, its lung charts, its weighing machine, its surgical chair, and its bowl of ineffectual gold fish. Something inexpressibly funny and inexpressibly fecund, a fecundity suppressed by coldness, and a terrible determination—more terrible in that her husband Otto felt nothing of it.

He was very fond of her, and had he been a little more sensitive he would have been very glad to be proud of her. She never became confidential with him, and he never tried to overstep this, partly because he was unaware of it, and partly because he felt little need of a closer companionship.



She was a fine woman, he knew that; he never thought to question anything she did, because it was little, nor what she said, because it was less; there was an economy about her existence that simply forbade questioning. He felt in some dim way, that to criticise at all would be to stop everything.

Their life was typical of the East Side doctor's life. Patients all day for him, and the children for her with an occasional call from someone who had a sick bird. In the evening they would sit around a table with just sufficient food, with just sufficient silver and linen, and one luxury; Katrina's glass of white wine.

Or sometimes they would go out to dine, to some kosher place, where everyone was too friendly and too ugly and too warm, and here he would talk of the day's diseases while she listened to the music and tried not to hear what her daughter was crying for.

He had always been a 'liberal,' from the first turn of the cradle. In the freedom of the people, in the betterment of conditions, he took the interest a doctor takes in seeing a wound heal.

As for Katerina Silverstaff, she never said anything about it. he never knew what she really thought, if she thought at all; it did not seem necessary for her to do or say anything, she was fine as she was, where she was. On the other hand it never occurred to him that she would not hear, with calmness at least, his long dissertations on capital.

At the opening of this story, Katerina's daughter was a little girl of ten, who was devoted to dancing, and who lay awake at nights worrying about the shape of her legs, which had already begun to swell with a dancer's muscles.

The boy was nine, thin, and wore spectacles.

And of course what happened was quite unaccountable.

A man, calling himself Castillion Rodkin, passed through one summer, selling Carlyle's "French Revolution." Among the houses where he had left a copy was the house of Otto Silverstaff.

Katerina had opened the door, the maid was down with the measles, and the doctor was busy with a patient, a Jew much revered for his poetry,

She never bought anything of peddlers, and she seldom said more than "no thank you." In this case she neither said "thank you," nor closed the door—instead she held it open, standing a little aside for him to pass, and, utterly astonished, he did pass, waiting behind her in the hall for orders.

"We will go into the study," she said, "my husband is busy."

"I was selling Bibles last year," he remarked, "but they do not go down in this section."

"Yes," she answered, "I see," and she moved before him into the heavy damp parlor which was never unshuttered and which was never used. She reached up and turned on one solitary electric light.

Castillion Rodkin might have been any nationality in the world; this was partly from having travelled in all countries, and also from a fluid temperament—little was fixed or firm in him, a necessary quality in a salesman.

Castillion Rodkin was below medium height, thin and bearded with a pale, almost white growth of hair. He was peculiarly colourless, his eyes were only a shade darker than his temples, a vague color, and very restless.

She said simply, "We must talk about religion."

And with an awkwardness unusual to him he asked "Why?"

"Because," she said in a strained voice, making a hurt gesture, "it is so far from me."

He did not know what to say of course, and lifting one thin leg in its white trousers he placed it carefully over the other.

She was sitting opposite him, her head turned a little to one side, not looking at anything. "You see," she said presently, "I want religion to become out of the reach of the few."

"Become's a queer word," he said.

"It is the only word," she answered, and there was a slight irritation in her voice, "because it is so irrevocably for the many."

"Yes," he said mechanically, and reached up to his beard and left his hand there under a few strands of hair.

"You see," she went on simply, "I can come to the point. For me, everything is a lie—I am not telling this to you because I need your help, I shall never need help," she said, turning her eyes on his

understand that from the beginning—”

“Beginning,” he said in a loud voice suddenly.

“From the beginning,” she repeated calmly, “right from the very start, not help but hindrance, I need enough hindrance, a total obstacle, otherwise I cannot accomplish it.”

“Accomplish what, madame?” he asked and took his hand from under his beard.

“That is my affair, mine alone, that you must not question, it has nothing to do with you, you are only a means to an end.”

And he said, “What can I do for you?”

She smiled, a sudden smile, and under her cheek something flickered. “You can do nothing,” she said and stood up. “I must always do it all—yes, I shall be your mistress—wait,” she said raising her hand, and there was anger and pride in her. “Do not intrude now by word or sign, but tommorrow you will come to me—that is enough—that is all you can do,” and in this word ‘all’ he felt a limit on himself that he had never known before, and he was frightened and disquieted and unhappy.

And he came the next day, cringing a little, fawning, uneasy, and she would not see him—she sent word “I do not need you yet,” and he called again the next day and learned that she was out of town, and then one Sunday she was in to him.

She said quietly to him, as if she were preparing him for a great disappointment, “I have deliberately, very deliberately, removed remorse from the forbidden fruit,” and he was abject suddenly and trembling.

“There will be no thorns for you,” she went on in a cold abrupt voice. “You will miss that, but do not presume to show it in my presence.”

“Also my floor is not the floor on which you may crawl,” she continued, “and I do not permit you to suffer while I am in the room—and,” she added unfastening her brooch slowly and precisely, “I dislike all spiritual odours.”

“Are we all strange?” he whispered.

“It takes more than will to attain to madness.”

“Yes.”

Then she was silent for a while, thinking.

"I want to suffer," he murmured, and trembled again.

"We are all gross at times, but this is not your time."

"I could follow you into the wilderness."

"I would not miss you."

And it was said in a terrible forbidding voice.

"I suffer as a birthright—I want it to be something more my own than that."

"What are you going to do?" he said.

"Does one ever destroy oneself who is utterly disinterested?"

"I don't know."

Presently she said, "I love my husband—I want you to know that, it doesn't matter, but I want you to know that, and that I am content with him, and quite happy——"

"Yes," Castillion Rodkin answered and began trembling again, holding on to the sides of the bed.

"But there is something in me," she continued, "that is very mournful because it is being."

He could not answer and tears came to his eyes.

"There is another thing," she said with abrupt roughness, "that I must insist on, that is that you will not insult me by your presence while you are in this room."

He tried to stop his weeping now, and his body grew tense, abject.

"You see," she continued, "some people drink poison, and some take a knife, and others drown, I take you."

In the very early dawn, she sat up with a strange smile. "Will you smoke?" she said, and lit him a cigarette. Then she withdrew into herself, sitting on the edge of the mahogany boards, her hands in her lap.

And there was a little ease, and a little comfort in Castillion Rodkin, and he turned, drawing up one foot, thrusting his hand beneath his beard, slowly smoking his cigarette.

"Does one regret?" he asked, and the figure of Katrina never moved, nor did she seem to hear.

"You know, you frightened me—last night," he went on, lying



on his back now and looking at the ceiling. "I almost became something—something."

There was a long silence.

"Shall the beasts of the field and the birds of the air forsake thee?" he said gloomily, then brightly. "Shall any man forsake thee?"

Katrina Silverstaff remained as she was, but under her cheek something quivered.

The dawn was very near and the street lamps had gone out, a milk cart rattled across the square, and passed up a side street.

"One out of many, or only one?"

He put his cigarette out, he was beginning to breathe with difficulty, he was beginning to shiver.

"Well—"

He turned over, got up, stood on the floor.

"Is there nothing I can say?" he began, and went a little away and put his things on.

"When shall I see you again?"

And now a cold sweat broke out on him, and his chin trembled.

"Tomorrow?"

He tried to come toward her, but he found himself near the door instead.

"I'm nothing," he said, and turned toward her, bent slightly; he wanted to kiss her feet—but nothing helped him.

"You've taken everything now, now I cannot feel, I do not suffer —" he tried to look at her—and succeeded finally after a long time.

He could see that she did not know he was in the room.

Then something like horror entered him, and with a soft swift running gait he reached the door, turned the handle and was gone.

A few days later, at dusk, for his heart was the heart of a dog, he came into Katrina's street, and looked at the house.

A single length of crepe, bowed, hung at the door.

From that day he began to drink heavily, he got to be quite a nuisance in the cafés, he seldom had money to pay, he was a fearless beggar, almost insolent, and once when he saw Otto Silverstaff sitting alone in a corner, with his two children, he laughed a loud laugh and burst into tears.

# THE LITTLE REVIEW

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## *Discussion*

*Sumner Versus James Joyce*  
*by Harriet Monroe*

I WANT to send a word of cheer for your courage in the fight against the Society for the Prevention of Vice. My father was a lawyer, and his blood in me longs to carry the battle to the Supreme Court of the United States, in order to find out whether the Constitution permits the assumption of a self-appointed group of citizens, of a restriction of the freedom of the press which only the state, through proper legal channels, should have any right even to attempt. I wish you a triumphant escape out of their clutches.

*Lawrence Atkinson**by Horace Shipp*

“THE MADNESS OF THE ARTS” has driven W. R. Titterton to the columns of the *English Review* with Part One of a metrical diatribe which one suspects will become vitriolic about vers libre and abstract painting by Part Three. Truth to tell the arts always were mad if the term connotes their continual wandering from the watch-fires of tradition into the trackless places of growing human consciousness. Sane art is usually shopkeeping—trade in beauty: the art school with the courage to open a department devoted to salesmanship will affect an advance both in membership and honesty. But the big people in art have usually wandered away from the counter just before the professors in literature and the fine arts have classified and labeled the goods.

In this tradition of deserting the traditional, the movement of pictorial and sculptural art from the phase of representation to that of complete abstraction has been an orderly and inevitable progression: orderly and inevitable, because once the principal of subjectivism is admitted in art (as it was in the sentimental selectiveness and idealism of the romantic paint photographers) it moves quite naturally through impressionism, post-impressionism, futurism, cubism, neo-vorticism, and every other “ism” which yet sleeps in the mind of man.

As Wyndham Lewis questioned the architects, the problem always is “Where is your vortex?” So long as a man’s art revolved around the pleasant portrayal of external appearances truth to those appearances and that pleasantness must be the test. But always there had been even among artists the wise who realised that they had some more useful task to hand than the making of replicas in some dead material of the things of the vital universe. At last, however, the tricks of the trade became so obvious that these wise concluded that what was not worth doing so well was not worth doing at all.

One remembers a play of Rudolf Besier's: A party of Cockneys invade the country; one by one they grow conscious of new phenomena; each murmurs, "Cows an' 'orses an' things," the audience rocked with laughter. The analogy? Eminent Academicians spending their distinguished careers murmuring "Cows an' 'orses an' things" in paint (sometimes achieving the final d and the aspirate).

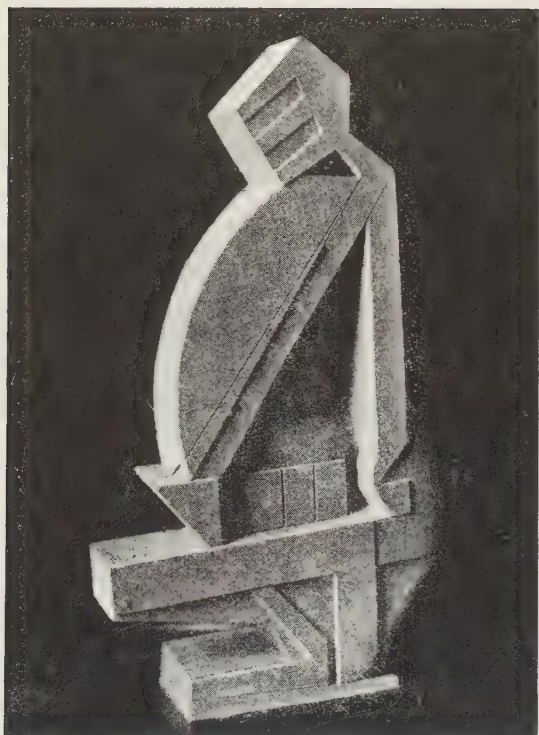
That is why the new movements matter; that is why abstract art and Lawrence Atkinson matter. It is something more than the reiteration of the existence of things—it is the assertion of basic forces in the universe and of basic ideas in the mind of the artist. Atkinson's work depicts both and establishes their relationship. Thus he deals not in surfaces and the simple facts of optics—appearances—but in form and the known dynamics beneath surfaces. More important still, he deals in the merchandise of the mind, which releases his conceptions alike from the three dimensional of space and the single point of time. That is where the new art, escaping from the portrayal of one space at one time into the eternal present and limitless horizon of the human intelligence, can achieve so much. That is where it may fail for the recesses of mentality are so remote, so unique and individual that there is danger of the artist who depends no longer upon the safe link of visual appearances, removing his point of interest so far as to lose contact altogether with his audience; sharing the loneliness of God in looking on his work and seeing that it was good.

Here it is that the search for the symbol commences, and that devotion to technique which must always play an important part, and which in the case of the old schools had become exalted from a means to an end in itself.

With Atkinson's work the search for a suitable medium of communication between his own mind and that of others has led him to reject the sophisticated formula of some of the recent schools and to depend for his effect upon a use of line, form and colour to which generations of race consciousness have given a universal significance.

Often it is true the complexity of his own mind assumes a power of instinctive comprehension in that of his audience which is not





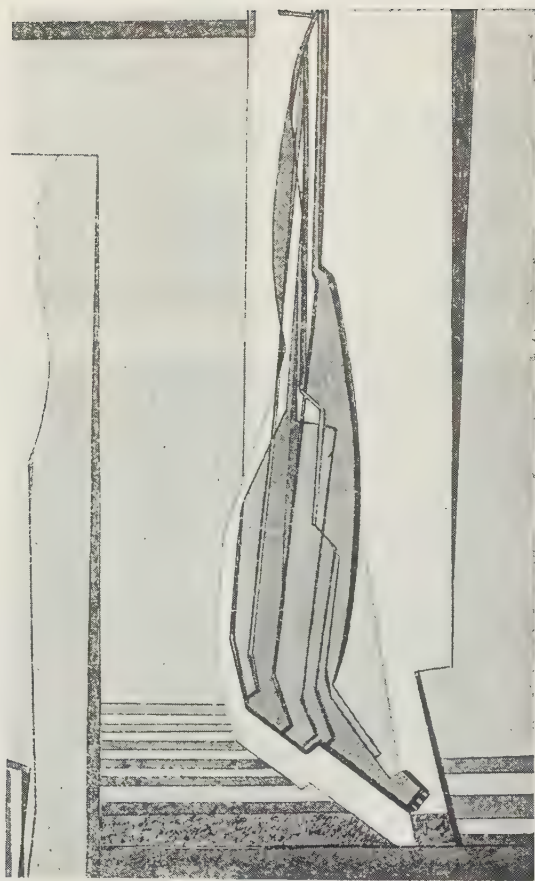
IN THE BEGINNING. BY LAWRENCE ATKINSON.

forthcoming, and the more difficult of his works (particularly the pictures) lose their range so that their significance passes over the heads of onlookers.

Recently, however, Atkinson has turned his attention to sculpture, which by the very nature of the medium tends to broader effects and more simple statement than its sister art of painting. The illustrations show phases of Atkinson's plastic work: the one where he was expressing himself in a formula practically geometrical, which interesting as it was had too great an interest in the mechanical structure of its subjects, the other which aimed at expressing an idea as nature would have expressed it had she been working in a medium of clay or stone—a significant amorphism. So much of the recent abstract work in England has tended to be mechanical. Granted that much can be achieved with such a means as the piece called "In the Beginning" shows. Here the artist has been interested in something more vital than surface or even structure; he has endowed the abstract figure—half human, half animal—with a prophetic sense of tragedy. The structural lines are strong and heavy in token of the perfection of animal strength. In striking contrast is the inertness of head and hand: the hand hanging limply, the head bowed by the realisation of good and evil, its melancholy emphasised by the sculptured pattern.

It is this emotional value in Atkinson's work which differentiates it from so much that has gone hitherto in the name of artistic abstraction. He is not making his appeal from the sophisticated intellect to intelligence equally sophisticated, but from instinct to the instincts—a safer and saner thing in an age run to seed in mere cleverness. Occasionally Atkinson himself succumbs to the temptation and works out a concept so intellectually that it misses that direct appeal and simplicity which was the vital secret of early art. Usually, however, he deals with elemental things, simplifying to essentials, and choosing lines which have so long spoken to the sub-consciousness of the race that their message is immediate and effective.

The picture "Tranquille" with its sense of sunlit peace and the expressive lines of the body bowing to an acceptance, the studied relationship of the figure to its surroundings, the conventionalised



TRANQUILLE. BY LAWRENCE ATKINSON.

blue bands at the top which convey distance and immensity as only blue can—these things speak as easily and in a language as generally comprehensible as that of any traditional art.

The later, and I think the most interesting phase of his work is that which I have called "significant amorphism": the sculpture which aims at direct expression of ideas in forms which are their natural incarnation. "Growth" is a typical piece of this kind. The heavy, simple lines of the earth-base, the vital upward movement (harmony achieved by like impulse) the complexity in the later stages of development when the lines diverge but are still governed by truth to their own relationship to a predestined parallelism and a movement back toward the central purpose.

The three examples will serve.

An eminent critic writing recently of Atkinson salted his appreciation with a doubt as to whether the art would ever become popular. The only art which has ever deserved that name has been this basic art which makes its appeal to the instincts and the subconsciousness. That is why I believe that his work will find acceptance. He is not working on a basis of appeal merely to the super-intellectuals but along lines of universal appeal and capable of infinite development and expression.

### *Apropos art and its trials legal and spiritual.*

*by Emmy V. Sanders*

IF THE puritan were nothing but a puritan and the philistine nothing but a philistine, they would leave the art world altogether alone—like the navy, the farmhand, the greengrocer and all of that species that claims no relation to art whatever and is perfectly contented to remain densely ignorant about such matters forever.

The trouble starts with "Culture." The sort of culture that *does* claim a relation and professes tender feelings in the direction of





GROWTH. BY LAWRENCE ATKINSON.

art—provided the art in question is of a date anterior to 1900, at the latest; and provided there does not cling to it an odour of rebellion that not even the museum-smell of time has been able to change into an odour of unmixed sanctity; and provided it is not too grimly and uncompromisingly art *alone* without the accompaniment or the disguise of other elements that make it palatable to the cultured. Furthermore, if very subtle it must have been coarsened; if very strong it must have been emasculated at the hands of professorial Authority and must be liable to popularization in print and photograph. All these conditions being fulfilled and 1900 given as an extreme. . . .

Oh, the homes of these art-loving cultured people—where lily-like Botticelli Madonnas languish at you over mantel-shelves; where you find Rembrandt's mother and Whistler's mother and the cathedral of Rheims and Shelley and Beethoven sonatas and a Burne Jones and and—the *Atlantic Monthly*. Oh, the deadness and the dullness and the blindness! Oh, the plague of an "appreciation" that appreciates in a work of art—whether a temple of the times of Rameses the Great or a page of Conrad—everything except the art element, the aesthetic vitality of the thing considered.

This tribe of the cultured approaches an aesthetic phenomenon conscientiously equipped with facts, information, standards of comparison, borrowed values, good intentions. There is nothing lacking in the outfit—except the one and only essential: inner experience. It is convinced that it *is* convinced that A is a great poet and B a great sculptor and that it gets something out of the presence and the contact of these greatneses (which it does: viz., the wrong thing). It believes that art is theory nicely applied—as a good engine is mechanics nicely applied; a matter of teaching, precedent and "culture"; not a matter of spontaneous vitality and aesthetic emotion forcing its own peculiar form. The cultured philistine is *heteronomous* by nature. The vague, third hand, falsely focussed satisfaction he derives from art knows nothing of inherent laws and irresistible organic growth. He does not understand—never can, never will understand—that before each new art form as a whole and before each separate product of art and before each artistic individuality as such, *constant re-adjustment of mental approach* is required.

He—or rather his epidermis—contacts everything in the same way and with the same demands and expectations.

Sometimes he mentions the artist as a being different from himself, a being of quicker vibrations, more sensitive perceptions and unusual ways of contacting life and transmitting life experience. But at the bottom of his heart he denies that the artist *is* different from himself. Lacking imagination, how can he conceive of that which is not a part of his world and his mental equipment? Therefore he treats the artist and his activities necessarily as he treats himself: a thing onto which empty generalities and inflexible rules and regulations can be pasted and stuck from the outside.

Strange, this. It would never occur to this intelligent and cultured person that he might interfere and play the judge between two Chinamen, by merely babbling things in his own tongue, without the slightest knowledge of Chinese that might enable him first to find out what are the issues at stake and what is really “going on.” He never suspects that art has a language of its own; a language not of words only, but of subtle reactions and ever shifting valuations taking place in the depths of the artist soul—and that a fair amount of knowledge of that language is indispensable for knowing what is at stake. He suspects still less that this language, however, is a matter of birthright and cannot be acquired by “butting in.”

So he goes on, interfering and talking. Talking—forever beside the point. And in his actual interference with mental and aesthetic processes backed up by material and physical power—the last “argument” of his cultured self.

Once upon a time—once upon a dark benighted time—learned judges and the then “cultured ones” they represented, innocent of psychology, of pathology, of scientific analysis and spiritual endeavor, applied instruments of torture to the flesh of other human beings whose mental states and reactions they did not, could not, understand. All with the laudable intention of driving out the devil—the devil of unfortunate insanity or luminous sanity, as the case might be—and of preventing contagion. But that was a few hundred years ago—and we don’t torture *bodies* any more. . . .

Quousque tandem, Cultured Philistine?

*Mr. Rodker and Modern French Poetry**by Muriel Ciolkowska*

WERE one to write every time one reads rubbish in newspapers one might do nothing else in one's life, but one has a duty towards a paper which publishes one's own name, therefore the following:

"Poetry," asserts Mr. John Rodker in your last, "dead in France since Verlaine—with only the exception of Apollinaire and de Gourmont—appears to be looking up with M. Louis Aragon." The quotations show what Mr. Rodker means by "live" poetry. But, as he does not quote Gourmont, I am free to say that this great prose-writer—who sometimes wrote verse not at all like M. Aragon—is hardly claimed as one of them by poets not "alive" though I think they would say that as such he came nearer to them than does M. Aragon. The first part of this sentence is information; the second an opinion. I am also free to object to a general cemetery being made of: Henri de Régnier, Anna de Noailles, Paul Claudel, Guy-Charles Cros (the son), Renée Vivien, Charles Péguy, Lucie Delarue-Mardrus, Charles Vildrac, Spire, André Salmon, etc., which is really too ridiculous. I leave a margin for other protestators to fill with names of those who wrote contemporaneously with or have written since Verlaine and whom the world ventures to qualify by the same term as Mr. Rodker applies to M. Aragon, whom I can hardly imagine will survive Mr. Rodker's praise.

If Mr. Rodker has no liking for modern French poetry why does he trouble to write about it?

*Paris, January 6, 1921.*

*To Mina Loy**by John Rodker*

IT IS too bad. My own pet serpent turns upon me, and if you only knew with what incredible devotion she has been nursed in my bosom. And why has she bitten me? Because I can love



her like a frog, or can I? Yet were I, regardless of consequences to my more delicate anatomy, to love in a froggy way the carcase of American poets and poetesses whose very very cast-iron entrails have so lately been sung by the noble baroness, would not my very froggy embrace strenuously impel it to that not too remote star on which it has how long and how painfully striven to hitch itself? Surely; for even Miss Loy must know what the probable upshot of such action would be. Still, Mina, though you are not "big with gentle yielding" (oh not not not in a froggy way) now I know Kreymborg has written lines as good as that I take back humbly all I have said about him. As for Donald Evans you have quite missed the point, and herbarium is still herbarium. Froggy greetings to the fish.

—How jolly that the snake charmer so gracefully parries his pet snake's indulgence in a little buffoonery. And so we can laugh together for a moment, while Mr. Kreymborg clamours against free speech.

John Rodker—as one European to another, Mina Loy salutes you.]

MINA LOY.

*The Wind-flowers of Asklepiades, and Poems of Poseidippos; The Poems of Meleagar of Gadara Poets' Translation Series Second Set, Nos. 5 and 6. The Egoist. 2- and 2-6 net.*

*by Mary Butts*

I HAD been re-reading the "Aphrodite" of Pierre Louijs in an unsuccessful attempt to induce a little excitement. (One has nothing to say against M. Louys as a translator, and the "Chansons de Bilitis" are a most agreeable evocation, but the historical romance begotten by the modern mind on the mirror of the past is always base-born. I am not thinking of "Salambo" or "The Brook Kerith" but, reluctantly, of every other serious narrative reconstruc-

tion I have ever read.)

But "Aphrodite" is sufficient to show that it is not enough to love your period or proportion out its constituents—(two little Lesbians, one magnificent and one ageing hetaira, two stoics, an epicurean, and a person with doubts about the whole affair)—not enough to take a clairvoyant perception of the age's beautiful objects and their common use; you will only succeed in writing *about* your period, and the professor with style and imagination will put you in your place.

M. Louys had a correct idea. He knew about the hieratic value women set on their beauties, from the most obvious to the most intimate. In the opening chapters his courtesan catalogues her loveliness to the accompaniment of confirmation by her favorite slave. She works downwards from the rich hair by which she was known to the more practical part of her accomplishment:

"Thy tongue is the bloody dagger that has made the wound of thy mouth."

"My tongue is inlaid with precious stones. It is red with the sheen of my lips." . . .

"Thy thighs are two white elephants' trunks."

"My feet are two nenuphar leaves upon the water." . . . There was a silence. . . . The slave bowed to the ground. "It is like a purple flower. . . . It is appalling. It is the face of the Medusa."

And so on. Now listen to the contemporary voice:

*Plangon has laid in the vestibule of Kypris' temple a purple riding-whip and shining reins which helped to conquer Philainis.* . . .

*Bring her, beloved Kypris, glory and fame without end.*

This inscription for a grave:

*I hold Arkheanassa, the hetaira of Kolophon, in whose very wrinkles love lived.*

For those who prefer it under a different formula:

*Pour the wine and say again and again and yet again say Heliodora, mingle that sweet name with the wine. Give me the flower-crown of yesterday, wet with perfume, in memory of her.*

I have still in my mind, though shamefacedly, Lang's version of the lament for that same Heliodora, but Mr. Aldington's is probably the best yet made:

*I give thee tears, poor tears, all that is left my love, to you, Heliodora, in Hades under the earth. On your tear-wet grave I lay the memory of our passion, the memory of our affection. . . .*

This would seem to say—'write about the life of your age, and trust a thousand years later to the permanence of your language, the sympathy of your translator.'

---

### *“Sculpsbure”*

My Khrist Kant somethin' be done about this man George G. Barnard. It aint Mikel Angerlo, an' it aint even Rodin. It's just mashed popatoz, and the fog end of the last censhury's allegory. Before he spoils all that good marble can't somebody tell him about Egypt and Assyria, or pay his ticket so he can go look at some sculpsbure made by someon' who had some idea of stone as distinct from oatmeal mush an molarsses. Hasn't even the sense of stone one finds in Barroque.—*Abel Sanders.*

*Thee I call 'Hamlet of Wedding-Ring'*  
*Criticism of William Carlos William's*  
*"Kora in Hell" and why...*

*by Else von Freytag-Loringhoven*

*In two parts*

*Part I*

**N**OT to be sentimental—of that you are fearfully-too fearfully afraid  
 to escape suspicion—flaunt brazen cloak of inexperience right side  
 out  
 lining; sentimentality.  
 Male inexperience=brutality—  
 female=sentimentality.  
 Reaction to life—ununderstood.  
 Baffles—troubles—unable to handle.  
 Strangers in country—set in to live.  
 No explorers!  
 Cast-aways—on shore—shivering!  
 Foreigners forever!  
 castaways on shore—shivering!  
 Scant cover cloak—no other garment fashioned for fear to go get—live  
 merry—die trying.  
 Plain:  
 different shade of cloak prompted by sex.  
 Proof:  
 malebrute—intoxicated—turns “weeping willow” invariably! Outside cloak  
 tatters—caution—tottering—(malebluster: “squared shoulders”: I read  
*All Story Weekly* regularly)—lining visible.  
 Inexperience shines forth in sentimentality—that masqueraded in brutality:  
 male-bluff.  
 Never strength is brutal—  
 —unhesitating acknowledgement of necessity—removing infected limb by  
 operation.  
 Action starting from brain—without noise—bluster—bluff.  
 Strength not moans—wails—voice of indecision—weakness.  
 Strength: decision—realizes trouble—remedy—instinctively—empiracally—  
 scientifically—in accord—acts—hence—never regrets.  
 Regrets: blind mental orbs.  
 Quiet child of brain—logic: European war.



Moral strength of scientist—surgeon—physician of degree. Vision.

Brutality: child of denseness—inability to feel, think clean—lack of vision—  
vulgar blood-fogged brain—run amuck!

Despair of helplessness to escape blindness of jungle vines of thought tangled  
—of waste barren, unfertile—violent action—noise—clamour:

American lynchings.

To undeveloped sentimentalist strength appears cruel—as all life does to fool.

Life never is cruel—brutal—gentle—sympathetic—  
inhuman—impersonal—super-intelligence!

Logic—pure.

Mathematical justice of scale balancing universe.

No one is—does not receive to last grain value of what pays power—that  
weighs—tests coin.

Who pays cheap—receives tawdry—counterfeiters step off fake-value in lap.

Culture: experience. Flimsy cloak of shivering pauper—coward—replaced  
by glittering armour of knight—poised upon strength—knowledge.

That aristocracy—

value for value: daring for treasure—valour for deed.

True to formula—male brute intoxicated bemoans world—(into that he  
never stepped)—his existence—all existence!

Example:—Hamlet of Wedding-Ring:

“WhatshallforFlosh—agh? eckshishtensh—eck—eck—eck—shish—damn!—  
life damn! wife damn! art damhc!!! Hellshotashhell—”

Elaborately continued swing on trapeze in “circus of art” following this  
article—if tempted.

In vino veritas.

Try it—W. C.

Old observations minted wisdom. So old—handled—lose impression.

True—profundity.

Subconscious—unknown reason for prohibition in this country that never is—  
has been—run by intellect—sagacity—wisdom.

Shortsighted people seeing as far as finger length.

Boil proclaims disease—stop boil!

Look pretty—quick! paint!—powder—! perchance culture will be deceived—  
greet us as civilization—invite us into ancient castle aloft.

Bluff—bluff—damn bluff!

No time—no time—no time to fasten roots downward—become civilized nat-  
urally—inside slow progress—chemical logic—

Let's appear it—outside!

Put it on!

N'est ce pas—mon bon ami, W. C.?

Americans not possessing tradition—not born within truth's lofty echoing  
walls—born on void—background of barren nothingness—handle such

truth's coin—picked up—flippantly!

Seriousness of mind—bad for business: flip it—be empty—

"Forget it"—

Did.

Forgot everything—to avoid trouble."

Tradition—culture—responsibility—pride—honour: troublesome: smile sillily  
wise!

By problems stalked—unvanquished—fattening—wary.

By avalanche destroyed!

Lusty beast massed upon prey exhausted—

ostrich—head in dollarheap.

Life supreme — conquers — destroys: sophistication—flippancy—sarcasm—  
weapon of crudity—fatigue.

Paper fortress of educated mental coward—bloodpauper: vulgarian disguised  
knight vanquished: America—France.

guised vanquished knight: America—France.

Flippancy—worse—flippancy is bad—tool of shallowness—consciencelessness  
—insincerity—in Wilde we see it—has to do with *you*, W. C.

Still—Wilde is juggler with circus tradition.

You—country lout—trying to step into tights.

Juggle words—as balls—about feelings—impressions—  
such you have—no art!

No rhythm—curves—science—conviction—background—tradition!

Where your circus?

Where do you stand?

What do your words mean?

Never to point—what point?

There is none—carry no meaning—aimed at blank!

No background—tapestry—spangled cloth—circus—arena—tradition—  
carry none!

Uncreated—uncreative.

No echo from—to—

no carriage—resonance—

feeble lost soul piping miserably in agony of despair—

—no concern of ours—

Stray words of unnourished—unevolved—decaying imagination—in abandon  
of disorder—conceit—despair—composure lost—juggled before public  
to deceive yourself—

trying to deceive others!

Vain fools do that—one way or other in life—called bluff—

in America by no means despised—successfully carried off—

cheap circus that!

Let swirl—sometimes pretty—sometimes beautiful—sometimes strong even—

all-times bad science—throughout unskilled—  
no right to perform.

What do juggler's balls signify but skill of juggler?

Balls must be importance—skill matter of course.

Juggle significance with balls jewelled—  
that I mean: *balls jewelled*—

Keep person in background—

physical presence forgotten:

To you—

to audience.

Strength of you: brutality—makebelieve—phantasmogoria—cheating before  
limelight—hysteria! such it is.

Grace—rhythm of juggler is strength.

Grace—rhythm *is* strength: body—mind.

I once saw supposed stagegiant lift huge weights—gesticulating—ferocious—  
heaving—sweating—ah very convincing—in farce. After exit tiny  
page—tiniest to emphasize effect—carried off ponderous cannon balls  
—jaunty!

Startling!

This shall be to you—you your best audience.

Here simile ends:

Life no farce—nor I tiny—nor would it be effective.

Art—literature no farce—nor artist actor—permitted makebelieve.

Life: circus of seriousness grim—as effigy—distinguished circus—also is.

Science—skill—perfection—purpose in everything!

Audience—performer—cultured—no cheating.

*How cultured is God?*

*Perfection is purpose—of life—circus—to satisfy audience!*

Makebelieve shall be known as such—must be brilliant in performance—  
more magic—more skill—tit for tat—

something must be given in exchange for applause—no amateurish bluff car-  
ries laurels—

Clumsiness: disguised strength (*not vice versa, W. C.*)—agility—technique  
subtle.

Nothing in circus funny—easy—for performer—unless in breathing-space  
during rest.

Performance—action—work: breathless—highest tension.

Clown—sauntering leisurely—aimlessly—taut in muscle—brain—to *purpose*—  
*carries point.*

Truly great actor more seriously in character he carries—slips into: than  
you—W. C.—are in what you try to show off in: force.

Force ripples—vibrates life—muscle in action one visible form.

You: brittle—breaking—decaying iron—eaten by rustworm.

Blood tingles with repugnance: that vain vanity!

You surely are in hell!

Ignore I would that—not would blood tingle—*where there is not blood hidden*

This no way out.

Gleefully W. C. discovers—(let's participate in discovery if not in glee—  
stunned to meet mummy wavering along highway of art—ghastly! not  
to W. C.: makes practice out of dancing with dead things—has to  
dance with some things—can not afford palpitating things—takes  
corpse—handy):

"The imagination goes from one thing to the other"—

(like stray flea!)

*Do say! ! !*

"The age of humans is told by the hair"—

Mummy—fade to catacomb—shoulder to shoulder with sister shade—  
out of dictionary—

W. C.'s flea so unmannerly—disobedient—untrained—

by careless mistake let into circus—jumps upon shimmer-raked sensitive  
arena sawdust—prepared for meticulous\* delicious design—criss-cross  
—naughty—vulgar—apish!

Subconscious guilt (is there better proof of hidden knowledge of impotence—  
sidelong glancing bad conscience?) makes W. C. send nurse after run-  
away pet—making apologies for hilarious rioting from common-sensed  
tender-swelling matron bosom to invite understanding—admiration—  
love for snookums' uncouth romping—indecent postures—smirking:  
temperament—patient audience—

(aside:) jackasses!

Voice of nurse:

"The arrangement of the Notes (!) each following its (!) Poem (!) and  
separated from it by a ruled line—"

My voice in audience:

Resourceful bourgeois!

painstaking doctor!!

loving papa!!!

Be trainer—flea master—!

Stray flea vermin—

Tom—Dick—Harry—houses—no luxury hours to cuddle.

Circus flea artist—

every jump active consciousness!

---

\*This word dedicated solely to Marcel Duchamp. Gave it to me with  
tongue lilt emanation of spirit—it is *he*.



Alcohol unsettles—dethrones caution—removes mask—exhibits soul's true state.

America's soul in such condition—she even realized—had to do something! With shallowness—flippancy—not unfamiliar in politics of this lumbering blunderer—helpless giant on infant's feet—knuckles for brains—altogether freak—forthwith decided to hide disease beneath artificial complexion—over-paint boils—blemishes—mask ill—vulgar features—factorygirl America.

*One does not help soul in merely depriving it of drug.*

What does America offer instead?

Nothing!

Hence W. C.:

With shreds of intellect—reason—imagination—heirlooms scattered—torn—ravaged—from timeremoved Spain—by ancestor—hale—whole—nor Jew nor American—

with United States carloads of conceit of inexperience—

vain boy—mature only in years—business—not in veins—emotion:

that most desolate of lonelinesses: not to have grown—developed—advanced in experience of blood with advancing years—most hideous cripple:

*immature man!*

One has to learn to be grown-ups.

Castaway on shore of life—stranger to experience—

fugitive from emotion—

coward of blood:

starving—crying for food—cloth—to cover naedness—emotions shattering in barrenness—provided no sheltering garment—carressing folds! for ornament—to be gay with—proud—to adorn him with—in splendour—*man's estate*—to be precious—worth name!

Mans woman's womans more so!—too cowardly to go get—live merry—die trying—

in courage happiness—in defeat self-respect—in death dignity—corpse victorious—

never in cowardice!

Should it look ever so proper—safe!—hedged—bordered—by frontlawn—bungalow—bankaccount—town esteem: shell for self-contempt—*however thick that may be*—by: either own voluptuousness—(shall I say “sumptuousness,” W. C.?—reminds me of startling answer! piercing radiance regarding your relationship to words—baffling attitude toward art—shall relate it later on) or callousness of possessor—kernel is felt—*felt by W. C.*

Hence, W. C.:

With audacity of inexperience—cowardice of insincerity—distinct—peculiar not surprising—characteristic of all representatives of races of lost foothold:

no convictions—none to stand on—for—fight with—for—ideal of family cave—only one—tottering in primitive insufficiency all around where occurs some growth—development—evolution in brain cells—: in intellect fed by senses—stirred by imagination—ambassador of instincts—tottering even around about W. C. with heavy clumsy brain—atavistically handicapped by Jewish family tradition—sentiment—where shall wisdom—(child of conviction—courage—intense concentration—that must take place of primitive thread-bare ideal—as does in Europe)—come from in America—destroyer of value—creator never—

unless in sense negative—creating disgust—revolt—in developed inhabitants—by decree of power as everything serves ultimate goal.

God is God—

stronger than chaos—

foe to disorder.

Bad things yeast to raise revolt in dough—achieve right balance in cake.

Far still is world from being cake—well-baked—

raisins—with tissues tender—feel lumpiness of dough most—scream—tell—I feel W. C.'s stagnation—fake-gesture—tell—scream:

Familycave crumbling—shedding mortar—tottering—debris-littered—dingy-looking sty—no joy—not holding nails to parade—flaunt ornament—pride of spendthriftly generous—rich heart—more dire necessity to system of every creature: scent—song—dip—dance—colour—play—to: flower—fish—bird—raccoon—Indian—us—than material necessities—foundation to start ecstasies! Needs airship hangar to fly from—not to be overshadowed by—tied to—swallowed up—wiped out—shackled to cowardice of immobility—American mistake of dense vulgar brains rendering W. C.'s legs immovable—agonized arms out—thrust—vile curse of helpless rage on sneering lip distorted—doomed to torture—tries to swing up into: dip song—scent—colour—play—*that miserable fashion.*

Feet incased by faulty foundations decay—debris—stone—dust—to escape cave partly—*legs entombed.*

Cowardice—insufficiency—incapability not encases legs: immovable legs produce immovable brains.

Around us result of family cave: encased legs—brains—in faulty foundations' debris: America.

W. C.'s "art" faulty foundation—crumbling walls—*hysterical doings—*

to ward off fate—dimly realized—by degree to smother alive:

Squirms—thrashes—blasphemes—howls—telling himself—us: it—be music!—

undaring—incapable to extricate himself—right—decisive—strong—  
 clean action of man—  
 neurasthenic—  
 amount of acting to escape action—  
 overdone—wild—weak gestures—violent—incoherent—utterances — to dis-  
 guise condition—: crippledom—  
 above everything—*from own consciousness*;  
 Shall we extend pity—endure—recognize—honor—: agony—grimaces—howls  
 —writhings of cripple—needing nurse—death—in art-circus's arena—  
 performers—who belong—have strength tested—ability—genius—  
 Raisins?  
 He no raisin—yeast!  
 Circus has freak show—  
 life—shadow—hospital—prison—  
 his place!  
 Stagnation creates revolt—  
 life suppressed will scream—since life is life—  
 even in America:  
 W. C. screams—I—*who more artful?*  
 Hence my right to judge: expel fake performer—amateur—freak—to *where*  
*belongs!*  
 Silly impudent cripple—tactless—ill in brain with family—cavetrouble de-  
 formities—indignities—infirmities—weaknesses—wounds—sores — jab-  
 bering!  
 Get well—die!  
 Keep place.  
 From rudeness of title to crude triteness of content “Kora in Hell” does  
 make me scream—struggle—against insult to life's beauty—dignity—  
 splendour—nobility—harmony—sense—raisins are aware of—have to  
 guard against mob-attack—lynchring—! bring knowledge along in  
 tissues—blood of body—ancient wine in cobwebbed old bottle.  
 Life: sense!  
 Art never insults life! loves—caresses every form—shape.  
 Who hates—insults life—proves pariah.  
 Thee I call “Hamlet of wedding-ring”—chasing ghost of honeymoon bliss—  
 to detect who poisoned—killed—once live body.  
 Circumstance primarily—individually—insignificant—since not can blood  
 be filled into extinct withered-away tissue.  
 Of secondary—social—importance for reason of exploration—civilization.  
 Life—joy—onward movement—sensuous rush of hour must not be restricted  
 —upheld.  
 King's throne never is empty because king is murdered—king is immortal—  
 tradition's progressive law—God's law.

Pour  
connaître les  
esthétiques  
nouvelles  
et les oeuvres  
les plus  
significatives  
de ce temps  
lisez  
LA VIE  
DES  
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Revenge: emotion uncreative—orbs in back of skull—unadvancing—cells stagnant—sentimental—unconstructive memory—dwelling in cemetery—garlanding grave of honeymoon bliss—life's only sad duty—! hugging skeleton—"dancing with dead things" (such dance becomes habit with stagnant cells)—hiding—retreating from swoop of time—brilliant—open battle—stupid sacrifice of present to past—of blood to past—of future to past. Present future's—creator's—time—to plant—faster creation—action—future—*not* for past—revenge—destruction.

No great revolution—war—ever has been—logically could not be—backmotion—impulse secondary! but: step of change—expansion—pulse: *impulse primary*—fall of leaves.

Revenge: backwash:

Winter: summer's logical successor—killer by necessity—for advancement—new bloom.

Nature sits in nature's lap: one two—two one—action—contra—action—clash—*new life*.

After detection Hamlet unable to decide on action befitting system—temperament of: either artist—philosopher—or man—soldier—not sufficient system—temperament in evidence. Reads philosophy with mind incapable either to use—leave it. Unfit. Youth old—sapped of stamina—unfertilized emotions—robbed—cheater of strength to shape character—*that makes take stand*.

Weakling—wails!

Doing amount of acting to escape action—suited Shakespeare—

put Hamlet into play to parade unfitness. Solution: annihilation—death.

He had Hamlet—I have you.

At that time—many more hysterical alleys—byways—to avoid facing problem—than prince of Denmark discovered—Hamlet's trod—did not toot through megaphone agonies of crippledom into—public from street corners—thoroughfares—calling it "art."

Would have cost dear in ridicule—"pillory"—danger: being stoned to death for disorderly conduct—public insult.

Tradition—touchstone—sensitive to forms of life:

Genius—straight shapes—shapes mediocre—misshapes.

Tradition's necessity precious result:

to produce strong pure type for high places—find every one's place: weakling into mediocrity—sordidness—annihilation.

Caste.

Democracy makes cripples conceited—gives fools chances—helps weakling—lout—to place where does not belong.

Not God's way.

God's way long service.

Chances must not be easy.

Nature—power—God—: selective—aristocratic—: tradition—aimed for perfection.

One logically contains other: selection—discard.

Uncontaminated justice.

Where pity?

Aristocracy: fitness to fulfill obligation—  
thus:

Aristocrat is born—as artist is. Civilization's business to make conscious of:  
caste of culture.

Aristocrat's high social station—estate to uphold that—hangar for airplane—  
to do exalted business unhampered—as is king's throne—crown—symbols  
for exalted duty that takes exalted strength—*that is splendor.*

*Demand of continous individual happiness—densest lack of logic—undevelopment—primitive—rank—unreasoning animal—desire—vulgar—plebian.*  
—no aristocrat is guilty of.

To be human: part of spirit—*know will.*

Blood—instinct—turn to brain cell—intellect—light.

For exclusively that reason blood circulates flesh.

Sun—earth—to—fro—to—fro electric current—exchange.

Bliss—woe fruit from tree—shell—nut—nut—shell—nuttree—fragrant in  
paradise—slandered by Jehova.

Emotion: soul's gymnastic—mothersoil: sex—march onward—motion up—!

Every sinewy scintillating jerk—curve—twist—distortion—of snake: to perfect  
ultimate goal—: unit.

in perfect circle holding tanl with lip.

in perfect circle holding tail with mouth.

God's booming laugh.

Snake dance: south—

Snake circling earth: ..Norse myth.

Primitive organism—in profundity constructed sound—feels life's sense—  
sensuous dance—in sorrow profoundest—red deathwound: joy—exhilaration—  
in simplicity—as did Goethe—in wisdom:

*Visitation.*

“Wer nie sein Brod mit Trähnen ass—  
Wer nie die kummervollen Nächte  
Auf seinem Bette weinend sass— — —  
Der Kennt euch nicht ihr himmlischen Mächte.”  
Johann Wolfgang v. Goethe.

Body's comfort—discomfort—ache—bliss of organism—nil!  
 Emotion—spirit moving—woe—bliss dancing—lifecrest—supreme Nietzsche!  
 Nietzsche—Goethe—century later: disintegrating—breaking culture—for ac-  
 quisition of new blood—for that must blood be spilled—expansion—  
 With Nietzsche war started.

light—step up!

All Teutons.

American—jew—equals—not repulsing each other for that reason—as—  
 through tradition's wisdom—jew does european—asiatic—in whom re-  
*sides bloodknowledge.*

American—jew of future.

Today in newness not noted—tradition ignorant to existence.

In materialism callous—brain dense—plebianism—jew—american—meet.

God's goal: body to soul—material to spirit—arriving at Himself.

In Europe "Kora in Hell" never had had chance!

In Europe W. C. no need do that!—*he would not be.*

Jew mixture—in Europe—not as castaway—spirit—deserted:

Heine: aristocratic artist product—teuton-hebrew.

As poet only.

In lilt of his no ring of distempered jewharp in lilt that shattered to splinters  
 by waters of Babylon.

Artist soul of Heine noble teutonic metal—purest ring.

Today—in future days—no Heine can be born in Europe.

Times change—

current strong—

jews stagnant—

degree—further—

ruined. . . .

*(to be continued)*

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# The Reader Critic

Walter Shaw, New York:

May I ask in the name of art why next month you will "report all the blatant ineptitudes of the court proceedings," and answer them?

Surely none of your audience gives a damn what the court says; we have all reached *that* stage of sophistication, so why use up good paper on subjects with which we have no concern? It is purely a matter for your business manager to get out of as easily as possible—unless you still believe in "progress" and the possibility of education by yelling about "injustice"; but even then it is a matter of sociology—not at all within the field of art.

But what *is* within the field of aesthetics: As one of your audience who does not feel "Ulysses" is a work of art (no one with whom I have discussed "Ulysses" considers it more than "interesting") I suggest or perhaps have the right to demand, since you agree with Coomaraswamy that the *rasika* has a duty to *prove* his contention that a certain work *is* art, a criticism of "Ulysses" from you.

This *is* within your field and *not* an answer to the organized stupidity of the non-aesthetics.

[These things do not go by duty and obligation but by necessity. You have no more right to demand that the critic make a new work of art (his criticism) than you have a right to demand the original work of art. Certainly the critic has to prove his case if he has the necessity to make other men see and believe what he has perceived; but no one can demand it of him.

"Ulysses" has been running in the *Little Review* for three years. There have been many discussions in that time about Mr. Joyce as an artist and about different aspects of "Ulysses." If you and your friends who think it only interesting have not the perception or the grace to know that Joyce is an artist, then no second sight could come to you, I fear.

If you have not seen him tight-rope-walking the cobweb of the human consciousness, conceiving and executing the rhythms of unspoken thought; if you have not seen Mr. Bloom spring full-fledged from his own brain; if you haven't the carefully organized, masterfully coloured abstract picture of the mind of Dublin; if you have not got the luminosity of his genius, nothing will help you but a work of equal magnitude which no one could write and which you again would not understand.—*jh.*)

## Errata

In poems by Philippe Soupault beginning page 26:

"Flamme"—first line—"dechirée."

"Dimanche"—last line—"sourire."

"Route"—last line—"caillou."

"Horizon"—last line—"reviendrai."

In poem on page 17, "Mer d'Huile"—first line—"Si nous" . . . etc.

(Les Signataires de ce manifeste habitent la France, l'Amérique, l'Espagne,  
l'Allemagne, l'Italie, la Suisse, la Belgique, etc., mais n'ont aucune nationalité)

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OUI = NON

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des pantalons de femmes  
de la patrie  
des sardines  
de Fiume  
de l'Art (vous exagérez cher ami)  
de la douceur  
de d'Annunzio  
quelle horreur  
de l'héroïsme  
des moustaches  
de la luxure  
de coucher avec Verlaine  
de l'idéal (il est gentil)  
du Massachussetts  
du passé  
des odeurs  
des salades  
du génie . du génie . du génie  
de la journée de 8 heures  
et des violettes de Parme

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si vous trouvez toutes vos idées inutiles et ridicules, sachez que

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\*Issued at the contra-Marineti demonstration in Paris recently.

le cubisme construit une cathédrale en paté de foie artistique

l'expressionnisme empoisonne les sardines artistiques

le simultanéisme en est encore à sa première communion artistique

le futurisme veut monter dans un lyrisme + ascenseur artistique

l'unaninisme embrasse le toutisme et pêche à la ligne artistique

le néo-classicisme découvre les bienfaits de l'art artistique

le paroxysme fait le trust de tous les fromages artistiques

l'ultraisme recommande le mélange de ces 7 choses artistiques

le créacionisme le vorticisme l'imagisme proposent aussi quelques recettes artistiques

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**Que fait DADA ?**

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I AM NOT A MUSICIAN, BUT IT IS NOT UNLIKELY THAT WHAT I HAVE TRIED TO DO IN FORM AND COLOR IS RELATED TO THE IMPULSE OF THE MUSICIAN.

SOME MONTHS AGO I WAS IN THE SOUTH AND IN A VERY COLORFUL COUNTRY. BEFORE MY HOUSE LAY A BAY—AN INLET FROM THE GULF OF MEXICO. THERE HAD BEEN HEAVY RAINS UP COUNTRY AND THE RED SOIL WAS WASHED DOWN INTO MY LITTLE BAY—THE BAY BECAME RED. THE MORNING AND AFTERNOON LIGHT FALLING ON IT MADE A COLOR MADNESS THAT GOT INTO MY BRAIN—ALTHOUGH I HAD NEVER BEFORE TOUCHED A BRUSH I SENT FOR BRUSHES AND PAINTS.

THE ADVENTURES HERE DONE ARE MY INNER REACTIONS FROM THE THINGS SEEN ABOUT ME—THEY ARE DONE IN THE FAITH THAT AN IMPULSE NEEDS BUT BE STRONG ENOUGH TO BREAK THROUGH THE LACK OF TECHNICAL TRAINING. IN FACT TECHNICAL TRAINING MIGHT WELL DESTROY THE IMPULSE.

THESE ADVENTURES ARE UNNAMED BECAUSE THEY CANNOT BE FIXED SO DEFINITELY. TO GIVE THEM NAMES WOULD DESTROY CERTAIN VALUES I BELIEVE THEY HAVE AS THEY STAND. TO YOU THEY MAY BE UGLY, MEANINGLESS OR BEAUTIFUL. NO DOUBT ALL OF MY INNER THOUGHTS AND IMPULSES—LIKE YOUR OWN IF THEY COULD BE SEEN—WOULD BE, TO SOME UGLY, TO OTHERS MEANINGLESS, AND TO STILL OTHERS BEAUTIFUL.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON.